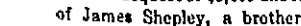

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| VOLUME CLX.--NO. 36 | NEWPORT, R. I. FEBRUARY 16, 1918 | WHOLE NUMBER 8,897 |
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PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Town Council and Court of Probate met at Town Hall Monday afternoon with all the members present. The petition of John Horman for a tualer's license was granted. Settlements of damage done by fire to hens belonging to Anthony Stewart, of Middletown, amounting to \$50, and to hens belonging to Richard Gardner of Newport, amounting to \$35.50, were ordered paid according law.

The Town Sergeant was instructed to request the McCormick Sons to remove their road-building wagons from the highway.

A number of bills were ordered paid.

In Probate Court the petition of A. Lincoln Hamby for letters of administration on the estate of Daniel W. Hamby, was allowed. Bond was required in the sum of \$700 with Peleg Humphrey as surety. George H. Hicks was appointed appraiser.

The petition of William B. Anthony, administrator of the estate of William Tallman, representing the estate as solvent, and asking that commissioners be appointed to examine the same, was allowed. George R. Hicks, John L. Burden and Oscar C. Manchester were appointed commissioners.

Mrs. William T. H. Sowle gave a dinner in honor of Miss Marguerite Holman on Tuesday evening. A large party was present and Miss Holman received many pretty gifts. Supper was served. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion, being designed by Mrs. Albert W. Lawrence. Miss Holman is to become the bride of Mr. Mervin Briggs on February 23rd.

Mr. Herbert Chase, who has been spending the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Sherman, of Middletown, has returned to his home here.

Mrs. John J. Corcoran, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Sisson, of Washington, D. C., as returned to her home. Mrs. Lincoln Sisson, who has been visiting her son, Mr. George Sisson, and Mrs. Sisson has also returned.

Mrs. George A. Carter, who has been at Newport Hospital for several weeks, remains about the same.

Mr. Arthur Smith has been spending

Mr. and Mrs. Abner P. Atthony went to Hudson, N. Y., recently and upon her return she was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. William Caswell and her three children.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton and their two daughters, Louise and William, who have been visiting Mr. Lawton's mother, Mrs. Letitia Lawton and Mrs. Lawton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Brayton, have returned to their home in Westfield, Mass. They were accompanied by Mrs. Lawton's aunt, Miss Emma Brayton, who will visit in Westfield for a fortnight.

Mr. Ray Borden, who has been at Fort Sills, in Oklahoma in training as an observer for the aviation department, was here recently to visit relatives before leaving for France. His father, Mr. Alfred Borden, has been with him, but is now in Whittier, California.

Rev. A. Edward Kelsey will leave soon for Palestine, going with a Red Cross unit of 50. This is where Mr. Kelsey was before the war, when he came to this country and to this town. He will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday evening. Mrs. Kelsey and her children will go to Geneva, N. Y., to stay with her sister, Mrs. Bacon. Mr. Bacon is to be one of the members of the unit.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton T. Holm

spending the week with Mr. Holman's brother, Mr. Merle F. Holman and Mrs. Holman in Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Frank L. Tallman has been spending the week in Readville, Mass. visiting her son, Norman Tallman. During her absence Mrs. Samuel A. Carter has been caring for her family.

Mr. Howard Pierce has left for Atlanta, Georgia, where he will enter the officers' training camp in the aviation department. Mr. Pierce will be in the supply section. On Sunday Mrs. and Mrs. Pierce entertained a family party. Mrs. Pierce's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Clarke, are with her at present.

Superintendent Towle of the Newport and Providence Street Railway Company, took a gang of men to Bristol Ferry early in the week to break up the ice about the ferryboat landing. They cut a canal for about 50 feet, towed the big cakes out into the free water and let them drift away. The ferryboat resumed its regular schedule on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Coggeshall entertained about 20 young people at their home on Union street, in a farewell party for the Misses Rika and

ther Fulton. The evening was spent socially with music and games, and refreshments were served. Mr. Fulton and his daughters are soon to move to Canada.

Mrs. Howard Thurston, who has been suffering from a broken shinsider for several weeks, does not improve as fast as was hoped for.

Messrs. Everett P. Littlefield, Har R. Paquin and George Anthony, Jr. have been exempted from military service, as being necessary for agricultural producers.

An appeal has been entered in the Probate Court against the allowance of the first and final account on the estate of John Henry Tilley.

Long Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The crown prince of Livonia, Ferdinand William Otto, ten years old, taken by his aunt to the opera, fires the shining and slips away to the park and there makes the acquaintance of Bobby Thorpe, a little American boy.

CHAPTER II.—Returning to the palace at night the crown prince finds everything in an uproar as a result of the search for him. The chancellor impresses on the old king, the boy's grandfather, who is very old, the need for better protection of the crown prince and suggests that the friendship of the neighboring king of Karnia be cemented by giving the Princess Hedwig in marriage to him. The old king finally agrees.

CHAPTER III.—Hedwig herself, who loves Nikky Larisch, Otto's old camp, and Larisch are upset by the king's decision.

CHAPTER IV.—Countess Looschek, lady waiting to Annuletta, in love with Karl of Karnia, is jealous of Hedwig. She plots to start a revolt in Livonia by sending a code letter to Karl telling him of conditions in the country. Peter Niburg, who was to deliver the message, is betrayed by a fellow clerk, Herman Spier.

CHAPTER V.—Niburg is robbed of the message, and a dummy letter substituted. Captain Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's chauffeur and secures the envelope.

CHAPTER VI.—Black Humbert, prominent among the Terrorists, decodes Countess Looschek's message with the aid of a student named Ineckel, a police spy, whom the Terrorists are holding prisoner.

CHAPTER VII.—Captain Larisch impersonates Karl's chauffeur and exchanges the sheet within the letter for some cipher papers. On delivering the note to Karl, Larisch is made prisoner when the deception is discovered. Hedwig's consent to the marriage is obtained. Mettlich, chancellor for the moment, makes arrangements for the wedding and leaves for wedding. King Karl's hunting lodge.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Mountain Road.

The low gray car which carried the chancellor was on its way through the mountains. It moved deliberately, for two reasons. First, the chancellor was afraid of motors. He had a horseman's hatred and fear of machines. Second, he was not of a mind to rouse King Karl from a night's sleep, even to bring the hand of the Princess Hedwig. His intention was to put up at some hotel in a village not far from the lodge and to reach Karl by messenger early in the morning, before the hunters left for the day.

Then, all being prepared duly and in order, Mettlich himself would arrive, and things would go forward with dignity and dispatch.

The valley of the Ar deepened. The cliff rose above them, a wall broken here and there by the outcrop of narrow ravines, filled with forest trees. There was a pause while the chains on the rear wheels were supplemented by others in front, for there must be no danger of a skid. And another pause, where the road started perilously toward the brink of the chasm, and caution dictated that the chancellor alight, and make a hundred feet or so of dangerous curve afoot.

It required diplomacy to get him out. But it was finally done, and his heavy figure, draped in its military cape, went on ahead, outlived by the lamps of the car behind him.

He was well around the curve, and the cliff was broken by a wedge of timber, when a curiously shaped object projected itself over the edge of the bank, and rolling down, lay almost at his feet. The lamps brought it into sharp relief—a man, gagged and tied, and rolled, clear shaped, in an automobile robe.

The chancellor turned, and called to his men. Then he bent over the bundle. The others ran up, and cut the bonds. What with cold and long inaction, and his recent drop over the bank, the man could not speak. One of the secret service men had a flask, and held it to his lips. An amazing situation, indeed, increased by the discovery that under the robe he wore only his undergarments, with a soldier's tunic wrapped around his shoulders. They carried him into the car where he lay with head bobbing back, and his swollen tongue protruding. Half dead he was, with cold and long anxiety. The brandy cleared his mind long before he could speak, and he saw by the uniforms that he was in the hands of the enemy. He turned sulkily silent then, convinced that he had escaped one death but to meet another. Twenty-four hours now he had faced eternity, and he was ready.

He preferred, however, to be fully clothed, and when, in response to his pointing up the bank and to his inarticulate mouthings, one of the secret police examined this bit of woodland with his pocket flash, he found a pair of trousers where Nikky had left them, neatly folded and hung over the branch of a tree. The brandy being supplemented by hot coffee from a patent bottle, the man revived further, made an effort, and sat up. His tongue was still swollen, but they made out what he said. He had been there since the night before. He was of Karnia, and a king's messenger.

"I was coming back from the barrier," he said thickly, "where I had carried dispatches to the officer in charge. On my return a man hailed me from the side of the road, near where you found me. I thought that he desired to be taken on, and stopped my car. But he attacked me. He was armed and I was not. He knocked me senseless, and when I awakened I was above the road, among trees. I gave myself up when the snow commenced. For pass this way. But I heard your car coming and made a desperate effort."



They Carried Him Into the Car.

"Then," asked one of the agents, "these are not your clothes?"

"They are his, sir."

The agent produced a flash light and inspected the garments. Before the chancellor's eyes button by button, strap on the sleeve, stir on the cuff, came into view the uniform of a captain of his own regiment, the grenadiers. Then one of his own men had done this infamous thing, one of his own officers, indeed.

"Go through the pockets," he ordered sternly.

Came into view under the flash a pair of gloves, a box of matches, a silk handkerchief, a card case. The agent said nothing, but passed a card to the chancellor, who read it without comment.

There was silence in the car.

At last the chancellor sighed. "This man—he took your car on?"

"Yes. And he has not returned. No other machine has passed."

The secret service men exchanged glances. There was more to this than appeared. Somewhere ahead, then, was Nikky Larisch, with a motor that did not belong to him, and wearing clothing which his victim described as a chauffeur's coat of leather, breeches and puttees, and a fur greatcoat over all.

"Did the snow commenced when he was taken?"

"Not then, sir. Shortly after."

"Go out with the driver," the chancellor ordered one of his men, "and watch the road for the tracks of another car. Go slowly."

So it was that, after an hour or so, they picked up Nikky's trail, now twenty-four hours old but still clear, and followed it. The chancellor was awake enough by this time, and bending forward. When at last the trail turned from the highway toward the shooting box at Weddell, Mettlich fell back with something between a curse and a groan.

"The fool!" he muttered. "The young fool! It was madness."

At last they drew up at an inn in the village on the royal preserve, and the chancellor, looking rather gray, alighted. He directed that the man they had rescued be brought in. The chancellor was not for losing him just yet. He took a room for him at the inn, and rather cavalierly locked him in it.

The chancellor sipped hot milk and considered. Nikky Larisch a prisoner in Karl's hands caused him less anxiety than it would have a month before. But what was behind it all?

At a little before five the man outside the prisoner's door heard something inside the room. He glanced in. All was quiet. The prisoner slept heavily, genuine sleep. There was no snoring, the sleep of a man warm after long cold and exhaustion, weary after violent effort. The agent went out again, and locked the door behind him.

And as the door closed, a trap door from the kitchen below opened softly under the sleeping man's bed. With great caution came the landlord, head first, then shoulders. The space was cramped. He crawled up, like a snake out of a hole, and ducked behind the curtains of the bed. All was still quiet, save that the man outside struck a match and lighted a pipe.

Half an hour later, the chancellor's prisoner, still stiff and weak, was making his way toward the hunting lodge. Karl saw him first, and found the story unentertaining. Nor could Karl roused by a terrified valet, make much more of it. When the man had gone, Karl lay back among his pillows and eyed his agent.

"So Mettlich is here!" he said. "A hasty journey. They must be eager."

"They must be in trouble," Karl observed dryly. And on that uncompromising comment King Karl slept, his face drawn into a weary smile.

But he received the chancellor of Livonia cordially the next morning, going himself to the lodge downstep to meet his visitor, and there shaking hands with him.

"I am greatly honored, excellency," he said, with his twisted smile.

"And I, sir."

But the chancellor watched him from under his shaggy brows. The messenger had escaped. By now Karl knew the story, knew of his midnight ride over the mountains, and the taste it indicated.

Karl himself led the way to his study, ignoring the chamberlain, and stood aside to let Mettlich enter. Then he followed and closed the door. "It is a long time since you have honored Karnia with a visit," Karl observed. "Will you sit down?"

Karl himself did not sit. He stood negligently beside the mantel, an arm stretched along it.

"Not since the battle of the Ar, sir," replied the chancellor dryly. He had headed an army of Livonian troops.

Karl smiled. "I hope that now your errand is more peaceful."

For answer the chancellor opened a portfolio he carried, and fumbled among his papers. But, having found the right one, he held it without opening it. "Before we come to that, sir, you have here, I believe, detained for some strange reason, a Captain Larisch, aide-de-camp"—he paused for effect—"to his royal highness, the crown prince of Livonia."

Karl glanced up quickly. "Perhaps, if you will describe this gentleman—"

"Nonsense," said the chancellor testily. "You have him. We have traced him here. Although by what authority you held him I fail to understand, I am here to find out what you have done with him."

"Done with him?" echoed Karl. "If as Captain Larisch you refer to a man who the night before last—"

"I do, sire. Muchman is the word."

"He is a prisoner," Karl said, in a new tone, stern enough now. "He assaulted and robbed one of my men. He stole certain documents. That he has not suffered for it already was because—well, because I believed that the unfortunate distrust between your country and mine, excellency, was about to end."

A threat that, undoubtedly. Let the arrangement between Karnia and Livonia be made, with Hedwig to seal the bargain, and Nikky was safe enough. But let Livonia demand too much, or not agree at all, and Nikky was lost. Thus did Nikky Larisch play his small part in the game of nations.

"Suppose," said Karl unctuously, "that we discuss first another more important matter. I confess to a certain impatience." He bowed slightly.

The chancellor hesitated. Then he glanced thoughtfully at the paper in his hand.

Through a long luncheon, the two alone and even the servants dismissed, through a longer afternoon, negotiations went on. Mettlich fought hard on some points, only to meet defeat. Karl stood firm. The great fortresses on the border must hereafter contain only nominal garrisons. For the seaport strip he had almost doubled his price. The railroad must be completed within two years.

"The Princess Hedwig," Karl said suddenly. "She has been told, of course?"

"Not officially. She knows, however."

"How does she regard it?"

The chancellor hesitated. "Like most young women, she would prefer suiting her own choice. But that," he added hastily, "is but a whim. She is a lovely and amiable girl. When the time comes, she will be willing enough."

Karl stared out through one of the heavily curtained windows. He was not so sure. And the time had gone by when he would have enjoyed the taming of a girl. Now he wanted peace—was he not paying a price for it?—and children to inherit his well-managed kingdom. And perhaps—who knows?—a little love. Before him rose a vision of Hedwig, her frank eyes, her color that rose and fell, her soft, round body.

"You have no reason to believe that she has looked elsewhere?"

"None, sire," said the chancellor stoutly.

By late afternoon all was arranged, papers signed and witnessed, and the two signatures affixed, the one small and cramped—a soldier's hand; the other bold and flowing—the scrawl of a king. And Hedwig, save for the ceremony, was the bride of Karl of Karnia.

It was then that the chancellor rose and stretched his legs. "And now, sire," he said, "since we are friends and no longer enemies, you will, I know, release that mad boy of mine."

"When do you start back?"

"Within an hour."

"Before that time," said Karl, "you shall have him, chancellor."

And with that Mettlich was forced to be content. He trusted Karl no more now than he ever had. But he made his adieux with no hint of trouble in his face.

Karl stood for a moment in the open air. It was done, then, and well done. It was hard to realize. He turned to the west, where for so long behind the mountains had lurked an enemy. A new era was opening; peace, disarmament, a quiet and prosperous land. He had spent his years of war and women. That was over.

When he returned to the study the agent Kaiser was already there. But Karl, big with plans for the future, would have been alone, and eyed the agent with disfavor.

"Well?" he demanded.

"We have been able to search the chancellor's rooms, sire," the agent said, "for the articles mentioned last night—a card case, gloves, and a silk handkerchief, belonging to the prisoner upstairs. He is Captain Larisch, aide-de-camp to the crown prince of Livonia."

He had expected Karl to be impressed. But Karl only looked at him. "I know that," he said coldly. "You are always just a little late with your information, Kaiser."

Something like malice showed in the agent's face. "Then you also know, sire, that it is this Captain Larisch with whom rumor couples the name of the Princess Hedwig?" He stepped back a pace or two at sight of Karl's face. "You requested such information, sire."

For answer, Karl pointed to the door. For some time after he had dismissed the agent, Karl paced his library alone. Kaiser brought no unverified information. Therefore the thing was true. Therefore he had had his enemy in his hand, and now was pledged to let him go. For a time, then, Karl paid the penalty of many misdeeds. His triumph was ashes in his mouth.

What if this boy, infatuated with Hedwig, had hidden somewhere on the road Olga Looschek's letter? What, then, if he recovered it and took it to Hedwig? What if—

But at last he sent for the prisoner upstairs, and waited for him with both jealousy and fear in his eyes.

Five minutes later Nikky Larisch was ushered into the red study, and having bowed, an insolent young law at that, stood and eyed the king.

"I have sent for you to release you," said Karl.

Nikky drew a long breath. "I am grateful, sire."

"You have been interested for by the chancellor of Livonia, General Mettlich, who has just gone."

Nikky bowed.

Karl fixed him with cold eyes. "But before you take leave of us," he said ironically, "I should like the true story of the night before last. Somewhere, somewhere, a letter intended for me."

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the briefest, and therefore the most agreeable presentation speech the crown prince had ever heard.

The quay receded, red carpet and all. Only the glare of the band followed them, and with the persistence of sound over water, followed them for some time.

It was Hedwig who showed the most depression on the trip, after all. Early that morning she had attempted to dress in the royal chapel. All the household had been there, and the king had been wheeled in, and had sat in his box, high in the wall, the door of which opened from his private suite.

Looking up, Hedwig had seen his gray old face set and rigid. The court had worn black, and the chapel was draped in crepe. She had fallen on her knees and had tried dutifully to pray for the dead Hubert. But her whole soul was crying out for help for herself.

So now she sat very quiet, and wondered about things.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat by the rail and watched the green banks flying by.

When no one was looking, he broke a flower from the bouquet and flung it overboard. He pretended that it was a lost, and was going down to Karnia, filled with soldiers ready to fight.

But the thought of soldiers brought Nikky to his mind. His face clouded. "It's very strange about Nikky," he said. "He is away somewhere. I wish he had sent word he was going."

Hedwig looked out over the river. The archduchess glanced at Miss Brathwaite. "There is no news?" she asked, in an undertone.

"None," said Miss Brathwaite. A sudden suspicion rose in Hedwig's mind, and made her turn pale. What if they had sent him away? Perhaps they feared him enough for that. If that were true, she would never know. She knew the ways of the palace well enough for that. In a sort of terror she glanced around the group, so comfortably disposed. Her mother was looking out, with her cool, impassive gaze. Miss Brathwaite kidded. "The countess, however, met her eyes, and there was something strange in them—triumph and a bit of terror, too, had she but read them. For the countess had put in her plea for a holiday and had been refused."

The new fortress faced the high road some five miles from the Karnian border. It stood on a bluff over the river, and was, as the crown prince decided, not so unlike the desk, after all, except that it had a most unusual it.

Hedwig and the countess went with the party around the fortifications. The archduchess and Miss Brathwaite had sought a fire. Only the countess, however, seemed really interested. Hedwig seemed more intent on the distant line of the border than on anything else. She stood on a rampart and stared out at it, looking very sad. Even the drill—when at a word all the great guns rose and peeped over the edge at the valley below, and then dropped backed again as if they had seen enough—even this failed to rouse her.

"I wish you would listen, Hedwig," said the crown prince, almost fretfully. "It's so interesting. The enemy's soldiers would come up the river in boats, and along that road on foot. And then we would raise the guns and shoot at them. And the guns would drop back again, before the enemy had time to aim at them."

But Hedwig's interest was so evidently assumed that he turned to the countess. The countess possessed smiling terror, and stood a little way back from the guns, looking on. But Prince Ferdinand William Otto at last coaxed her to the top of the emplacement.

"There's a fine view up there," he urged. "And the guns won't hurt you. There's nothing in them."

To get up it was necessary to climb an iron ladder. Hedwig was already there. About a dozen young officers had helped her up, and ruined as many pairs of white gloves, although Hedwig could climb like a cat, and really needed no help at all.

"You go up," said the crown prince eagerly, turning to the countess. "I'll hold your bag, so you can climb."

He caught her handbag from her, and instantly something snapped in it. The countess was climbing up the ladder. Rather dismayed, Prince Ferdinand William Otto surveyed the bag. Something had broken, he feared. And in another moment he saw what it was. The little watch which was set in one side of it had slipped away leaving a round black hole. His heart beat a trifle faster.

"I'm awfully worried," he called up to her, as he climbed. "I'm afraid I've broken your bag. Something clicked, and the watch is gone. It is not on the ground."

It was well for the countess that the colonel was talking to Hedwig. Well for her, too, that the other officers were standing behind with their eyes worshipfully on the princess. The countess turned gray white.

"Don't worry, highness," she said, with stiff lips. "The watch falls back sometimes. I must have it repaired."

But long after the tour of the ramparts was over, after ammunition rooms had been visited, with their long lines of waiting shells, after the switchboard which controlled the river mines had been inspected and explained, she was still trembling.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, looking at the bag later on, saw the watch in place and drew a long breath of relief.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Adelbert.

Old Adelbert of the opera had lost his position. No longer, a sausage in his pocket for refreshment, did he leave his little room daily for the opera. A young man, who made ogling eyes at Olga, of the garden, and who was not careful to keep the lenses clean, had taken his place.

He was lost in his saddest moods. There was no longer a place in the kitchen for the old man's food. The cry was for the young. And when the old man's food was a single change went on to his wife. His

loyalty, on which he had built his career of life, turned to bitterness.

The first day of his illness he was doted into the back room of the cobbler's shop near by, where the button seller from the corner, the maker of artificial flowers for graves, and the cobbler himself were gathered, and listened without protest to such talk as would have roused him once to white anger.

But the iron had not yet gone very deep, and one thing he would not permit. It was when, in the conversation, one of them attacked the king. This indeed he was roused to fury.

Once upon a time a student named Haackel had occasionally backed him up in his defense of the royal family. But for some reason or other Haackel came no more, and old Adelbert missed him. He had inquired for him frequently.

"Where is the boy Haackel?" he had asked one day. "I have not seen him lately."

No one had replied. But a sort of grim silence settled over the little room. Old Adelbert, however, was not discerning.

But that first day of illness, when he had left the cobbler's, he resolved not to return. They had not been unfriendly, but he had seen at once there was a difference. He was no longer old Adelbert of the opera. He was an old man only, and out of work.

He spent hours that first free afternoon repining his frayed then and his shabby uniform, with his wooden leg stretched out before him and his pipe clenched firmly in his teeth. Then, freshly shaved and brushed, he started on a painful search after work.

With no result. And, indeed, he was hopeless before he began. He was old and infirm. There was little that he had even the courage to apply for.

True, he had his small pension, but it came only twice a year, and was sent, intact, to take care of an invalid daughter in the country. That was not his. He never used a penny of it. And he had saved a trifle, by living on air, as the concierge declared. But misfortunes come in threes, like three and other calamities. The afternoon of that very day brought a letter, saying that the daughter was worse and must have an operation. Old Adelbert went to church and burned a candle for her recovery, and from there to the bank to send by registered mail the surgeon's fee.

He was bankrupt in twenty-four hours.

That evening in his extremity he did a reckless thing. He wrote a letter to the king. He spent hours over it, first composing it in pencil and then copying it with ink borrowed from the concierge. It began "Sire," as he had learned was the form, and

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail in to a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven. Finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pain in the back, if your urine stains linen, if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY** slowly but surely pushes aside some of the bad molecules of the diseased kidneys of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you, the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Drugs sold in **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, New York, N.Y.

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Time tables showing local and through trains free between all stations and in all directions at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table Revised January 21, 1918.
Leave New York for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m. Mondays—Leave New York 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.
Boston and Taunton—Leave New York 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.
Fall River—Leave New York 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.
Taunton—Leave New York 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.
New York—Leave Fall River 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.
New York—Leave Taunton 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.
New York—Leave Boston 6:35, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p. m.



Three rooms with hot and cold water for \$10.00 per day; which includes free use of public shower bath. Nothing to equal this in New England. Rooms with private bath for \$15.00 per day; suites of two rooms and bath for \$20.00 per day.

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Magazine to Feed Pipe.
Long smokers are assured by the invention of a pipe into which additional tobacco is filled from a magazine on one side of the bowl as the original charge is consumed.

Noisy Burglars.
Wife (8 a. m.)—John, wake up! I hear burglars sawing a panel from the front door. That's funny—now that you've stopped snoring I don't hear them!

As Wise as Anybody.
After Aunt Fanny had vainly striven to convince Walter that he was in the wrong she exclaimed: "Walter, I guess I know a few things!" "So do I," was his answer. "I know as few things as anybody."

Decidedly Unusual.
A Wisconsin man's defense against his wife's divorce suit was on the ground that she refused to speak to him and compelled him to buy a phonograph for company.

Everybody's Rule.
Measure time by good deeds.—Mazini.

His Interpretation.
Willie (reading the Bible)—"Pa, it tells here about the evil spirits entering into the swine." Father—"Well, my son?" Willie—"Was that how they got the first devil ham?"

LONG LIVE THE KING

Continued from page 2.

keeper eyed him kindly. "Well, comrade?" he said.

"I am seeking a student named



"I Am Seeking a Student Named Haeckel."

Haeckel, of this corps," said old Adelbert stoutly.

"Haeckel?" repeated the doorkeeper. "I think—come in, comrade, I will inquire."

For the name of Haeckel was, just then, one curiously significant.

He disappeared, and old Adelbert waited. When the doorkeeper returned, it was to tell him to follow him, and to lead the way downstairs.

Two or three students came toward him at once. "You are seeking Haeckel?" one of them asked.

"I am, I know him, but not well. Lately, however, I have thought—is he here?"

The students exchanged glances. "He is not here," one said. "Where did you know him?"

"He came frequently to a shop I know of—a cobbler's shop, a neighborhood meeting place. A fine lad. I liked him. But recently he has not come, and knowing his corps, I came here to find him."

"They had hoped to learn something from him, and he knew nothing. He has disappeared," they told him. "He is not at his lodging, and he has left his classes. He went away suddenly, leaving everything. That is all we know."

It sounded sinister. Old Adelbert, heavy hearted, turned away and climbed again to the street. That gateway was closed, too. And he felt a pang of uneasiness. What could have happened to the boy? Was the world, after all, only a place of trouble?

But now came good fortune, and, like evil, it came not singly. The operation was over, and his daughter on the mend. The fee was paid also. And the second followed on the heels of the first.

He did not like Americans. Too often, in better days, had he heard the merits of the American republic compared with the shortcomings of his own government. When, as happened now and then, he met the American family on the staircase, he drew sharply aside that no touch of republicanism might contaminate his uniform.

On that day, however, things changed.

First of all, he met the American lad in the hallway, and was pleased to see him doff his bit of a cap. Not many, nowadays, uncovered a head to him. The American lad was going down; Adelbert was climbing, one step at a time, and carrying a small basket of provisions.

The American boy, having passed, turned, hesitated, went back. "I'd like to carry that for you, if you don't mind."

"Carry it?"

"I am very strong," said the American boy stoutly.

So Adelbert gave up his basket, and the two went up. Four long flights of stone stairs led to Adelbert's room. The ascent took time and patience.

At the door Adelbert paused. Then, loneliness overcoming prejudice, "Come in," he said.

The bare little room appealed to the boy. "It's very nice, isn't it?" he said. "There's nothing to fall over."

"And but little to sit on," old Adelbert added dryly. "However, two people require but two chairs. Here is one."

But the boy would not sit down. He ranged the room, frankly curious, exclaimed at the pair of ring doves who lived in a box tied to the window sill, and asked for crumbs for them.

Adelbert brought bread from his small store.

The boy cheered him. His interest in the old sapper, the interest with which he listened to its history, the politeness with which he ignored his host's infirmity, all won the old man's heart.

These Americans downstairs were not all bad, then. They were too rich, of course. No one should have meat three times a day, as the meat seller reported they did. And they were paying double rent for the apartment below. But that, of course, they could not avoid, not knowing the real charge.

The boy was frankly delighted. And when old Adelbert brought forth from his basket a sausage and, holding it lightly, served him a slice between two pieces of bread, an odd friendship was begun that was to have unforeseen consequences. They had broken bread together.

Gradually, over the meal, and the pigeons, and what not, old Adelbert unburdened his heart. He told of his

years at the opera, where he had kept his glasses clean and listened to the music until he knew by heart even the most difficult passages. He told of the crown prince, who always wished opera glasses, not because he needed them, but because he liked to turn them wrong end before, and thus make the audience appear at a great distance. And then he told of the loss of his position.

The American had listened politely, but his mind was on the crown prince. "Does he wear a crown?" he demanded. "I saw him once in a carriage, but I think he had a hat. When will he be a king?"

"When the old king dies. He is very old now. I was in a hospital once, after a battle. And he came in. He put his hand on my shoulder, like this," he illustrated it on the child's small arm—"and said—"Considering that old Adelbert no longer loved his king, it is strange to record that his voice broke."

"Will he die soon?" Bobby put in. He found kings as much of a novelty as to Prince Ferdinand William Otto they were the usual thing.

"Who knows? But when he dies, the city will learn at once. The great bell of the cathedral, which never rings save at such times, will toll. They say it is a sound never to be forgotten. I, of course, have never heard it. When it tolls, all in the city will fall on their knees and pray. It is the custom."

Bobby, reared to strict Presbyterianism and accustomed to kneeling but once a day, and that at night beside his bed, in the strict privacy of his own apartment, looked rather startled.

"What will they pray for?" he said.

And old Adelbert, with a new bitterness, replied that the sons of kings needed much prayer. Sometimes they were hard and did cruel things.

"And then the crown prince will be a king," Bobby reflected. "If I were a



"If I Were a King I'd Make People Stand Around."

king, I'd make people stand around. But has the crown prince only a grandfather, and no father?"

"He died—the boy's father. He was murdered, and the princess his mother also."

Bobby's eyes opened wide. "Who did it?"

"Terrorists," said old Adelbert. And would not be persuaded to say more.

That night at dinner Bobby Thorpe delivered himself of quite a speech. He sat at the table, and now and then, when the sour-faced governess looked at her plate, he slipped a bit of food to his dog, which waited beside him.

"There's a very nice old man upstairs," he said. "He has a fine sword, and ring doves, and a wooden leg. And he used to rent opera glasses to the crown prince, only he turned them around. I'm going to try that with yours, mother. We had sausage together, and he has lost his position, and he's never been on the scenic railway, father. I'd like some tickets for him. He would like riding, I'm sure, because walking must be pretty hard. And what I want to know is this: Why can't you give him a job, father?"

"What sort of a job, son? A man with one leg?"

"He doesn't need legs to chop tickets with."

The governess listened. She did not like Americans. Barbarians they were, and these were of the middle class, being in trade. For a scenic railway is trade, naturally. Except that they paid a fat salary, with an extra month at Christmas, she would not be there.

"He means the old soldier upstairs," said Bobby's mother softly. She was a gentle person. Her eyes were wide and childlike, and it was a sort of religion of the family to keep them full of happiness.

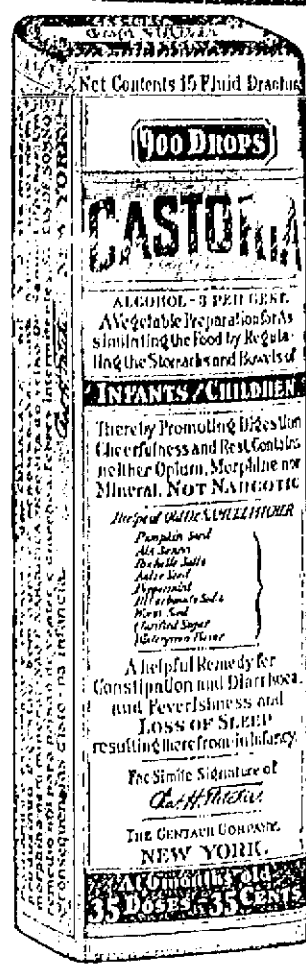
This also the governess could not understand.

"So the old soldier is out of work," mused the head of the family. He thought the governess! When they wound him about their fingers! She liked men of sterner stuff. In her mountain country the men did as they wished, and sometimes beat their wives by way of showing their authority. Under no circumstances, she felt, would this young man ever beat his wife. He was a weakling.

The weakling smiled across the table at the wife with the soft eyes. "How about it, mother?" he asked. "Shall the firm of 'Bobby and I' offer him a job?"

"I would like it very much," said the weakling's wife, dropping her eyes to hide the pride in them.

"Suppose," said the weakling, "that you run up after dinner, Bob, and bring him down. Now sit still, young man, and finish. There's no such hurry as that."



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And in this fashion did old Adelbert become ticket chopper of the American Scenic Railway.

And in this fashion, too, commenced that odd friendship between him and the American lad that was to have so vital an effect on the very life itself of the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia.

Late that evening, old Adelbert's problem having been solved, Pepy the maid and Bobby had a long talk. Pepy sat in a low chair by the tiled stove in the kitchen, and knitted a stocking with a very large foot.

"What I want to know is this," said Bobby, swinging his legs on the table: "What are the terrorists?"

Pepy dropped her knitting, and stared with open mouth. "What know you of such things?" she demanded.

"Well, terrorists killed the crown prince's father, and—"

Quite suddenly Pepy leaped from her chair, and covered Bobby's mouth with her hand. "Hush!" she said, and stared about her with frightened eyes. Then, in a whisper: "They are everywhere. No one knows who they are, nor where they meet. I myself," she went on impressively, "crossing the place one night late, after spending the evening with a friend, saw a line of cats moving in the shadows. One of them stopped and looked at me." Pepy crossed herself. "It had a face like the Fraulein in there."

Bobby stared with interest through the doorway. The governess did look like a cat. "Maybe she's one of them," he reflected aloud.

"Oh, for God's sake, hush!" cried Pepy, and felt to knitting rapidly. Nor could Bobby elicit anything further from her. But that night, in his sleep, he saw a crown prince, dressed in velvet and ermine, being surrounded and attacked by an army of cats, and went, shivering, to crawl into his mother's bed.

(TO Be Continued.)

What Service Is.
The most blessed of human endeavors is service—the service that educates and builds and makes this old world a better and happier place in which to live and work. Service is the spirit of the hour. It blesses him that gives and him that gets; it is the brotherhood of man in business; it is the helping hand extended unselfishly; it is bread cast upon the waters; it is a way of helping ourselves by helping each other. The best that can be said of any man is this: "He served others that they might better serve themselves."—Barker.

To Remove Smoke Stains.
This suggestion will be beneficial to housewives who have not the convenience of electricity or the modern gas fixtures. Frequently the ceiling above an old-fashioned gas jet becomes discolored from smoke and heat. The discoloration may be removed if a layer of starch and water is applied with a piece of flannel. After the mixture has dried it should be brushed lightly with a brush. No stain or mark will remain.

Cross Children.
Don't be cross with children when they are cross. If they are irritable and pouty leave them alone to their blues or try to divert their attention to some interesting book or game or toy. Get them outdoors to play or to walk. Take them for a ride. The common resort to cross children is in being cross yourself, but this only hurts the children and makes them moody and later despondents.—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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PEACE PROPOSALS ARE ANALYZED BY PRESIDENT

Outlines Differences Between Speeches of German Chancellor and Austrian Foreign Minister

VON HERTLING IS FOUND TO BE VAGUE AND CONFUSING

Executive Thinks German Speech Fundamental Elements of Peace With Clear Eyes—Germany Declared to Be Not For Real Freedom of Seas—Peoples and Provinces Must Not Be Bartered From Sovereignty to Sovereignty—Disregard of Rights of Small Nations Root of War—America Seeks to Isolate From Mankind the Military Leaders of Germany—We Cannot Be Deceived by False Profers of Peace or Turned Back From Resolve to Fight For Freedom to the Last

Washington, Feb. 12.—President Wilson, addressing Congress in joint session, repeated the recent speeches by German Chancellor von Hertling and Austrian Foreign Minister Czernin. The text of his speech follows:

On Jan. 8 I had the honor of addressing you on the subject of the war as our people receive it. The peace proposals of these two nations had taken on a new significance. On Jan. 12, I had the honor of addressing you on the subject of the war as our people receive it. The peace proposals of these two nations had taken on a new significance.

Count Czernin's reply, which is directed solely to my own address on Jan. 8, is offered in a very friendly tone. In his statement, a completely encouraging approach to the views of his own government to justify him in believing that it furnishes a basis for a more detailed discussion of purposes by the two governments.

Count von Hertling's reply is very vague and very confusing. It is full of equivocal phrases and lacks it is not clear when. But it is certainly in a very different tone from that of Count Czernin, and apparently of an opposite purpose. It continues the unfortunate impression made by what we had learned of the conference at Brest-Litovsk.

His discussion and acceptance of our general principles lead him to no practical conclusions. He refuses to apply them to the substantial items which must constitute the body of any final settlement.

Principles Do Not Agree

He is jealous of international action and of international council. He accepts, he says, the principles of public diplomacy, but he appears to insist that it be confined, at any rate in this case, to generalities, and that the several particular questions of territory and sovereignty, the several questions upon whose settlement must depend the acceptance of peace by the twenty-three states now engaged in the war, must be discussed and settled, not in general council, but severally by the nations most immediately concerned by interest or neighborhood.

He agrees that the seas should be free, but looks askance at any limitation to that freedom by international action in the interest of the common order. He would without reserve be glad to see economic barriers removed between nation and nation, for that could in no way impede the ambitions of the military party, with whom he seems constrained to keep on terms. Neither does he raise objection to a limitation of armaments. That matter will be settled of itself, he thinks, by the economic conditions which must follow the war. But the German colonies, he demands, must be returned without debate.

One-Sided Discussion

He will discuss with no one but the representatives of Russia who disposition shall be made of the peoples and the lands of the Baltic provinces; with no one but the government of France the "conditions" under which French territory shall be evacuated, and only with Austria what shall be done with Poland.

In the determination of all questions affecting the Balkan states he defers, as I understand him, to Austria and Turkey, and with regard to the agreements to be entered into concerning the non-Turkish peoples of the present Ottoman empire to the Turkish authorities themselves.

After a settlement all around, effected in this fashion, by individual barter and concession, he would have no objection, if I correctly interpret his statement, to a league of nations which would undertake to hold the new balance of power steady against external disturbances.

It must be evident to everyone who understands what this war has wrought in the opinion and temper of the world that no general peace, no peace worth the infinite sacrifices of these years of fratricidal suffering, can possibly be arrived at in any such fashion. The method the German Chancellor proposes is the method of the congress of Vienna. We cannot and will not return to that. What is at stake now is the peace of the world. What we are striving for is a new international order based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice—no mere peace of shreds and patches.

Is it possible that Count von Hertling does not see that, does not grasp it, is in fact living in his thought in a self-dead and empty? Has he utterly forgotten the rebelling resolutions of the 19th of July? They spoke of a general peace, of a national organization or of a commonwealth between state and state.

What Peace Depends Upon

The peace of the world depends upon the just settlement of each of the several problems in which I adverted in my recent address to the Congress. Unless they are dealt with in a spirit of wisdom and unadorned justice, with a view to the widest, the natural connections, the racial aspirations, the security and peace of mind of the peoples involved, no permanent peace will have been attained.

They cannot be discussed separately or in corners. None of them constitutes a private or separate interest from which the opinion of the world may be shut out. Whatever affects the peace affects mankind, and nothing settled by military force, if settled wrong, is settled at all. It will presently have to be required.

Is Count von Hertling not aware that he is speaking in the court of mankind, that all the awakened nations of the world now sit in judgment on what every public man, of whatever nation, may say on the issues of a conflict which has spread to every region of the world?

The Reichstag's Proposals

The Reichstag resolutions of July themselves frankly accepted the decisions of the court. There shall be no annexations, no contributions, no punitive damages. Peoples are not to be handed over from one sovereignty to another by an international conference or an understanding between rivals and antagonists. National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent.

"Self-determination" is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril. We cannot have general peace for the asking, or by the mere arrangements of a peace conference. It cannot be pieced together out of individual understandings between powerful states.

All the parties to this war must join in the settlement of every issue anywhere involved in it because what we are seeking is a peace that we can all unite to guarantee and maintain and every item of it must be submitted to the common judgment whether it be right and fair, an act of justice, rather than a bargain between sovereigns.

Attitude of United States

The United States has no desire to interfere in European affairs or to act as arbiter in European territorial disputes. She is quite ready to be shown that the settlements she has suggested are not the best or the most enduring. They are only her own provisional sketch of principles, and of the way in which they should be applied.

But she entered this war because she was made a partner, whether she would or not, in the sufferings and indignities inflicted by the military masters of Germany against the peace and security of mankind; and the conditions of peace will touch her as nearly as they will touch any other nation to which is entrusted a leading part in the maintenance of civilization. She cannot see her way to peace until the causes of this war are removed. Its renewal rendered, as nearly as may be, impossible.

This war had its roots in the disregard of the rights of small nations and of nationalities which lacked the union and the force to make good their claim to determine their own alliances and their own forms of political life. Covenants must now be entered into which will render such things impossible for the future; and those covenants must be backed by the united force of all the nations that love justice and are willing to maintain it at any cost.

Hertling Straddles

It has come about in the altered world in which we now find ourselves that justice and the rights of peoples affect the whole field of international dealing as much as access to raw materials and fair and equal conditions of trade. Count von Hertling wants the essential basis of commercial and industrial life to be safeguarded by common agreement and guarantee; but he cannot expect that to be conceded to him if the other matters to be determined by the articles of peace are not handled in the same way as items in the final accounting. He cannot ask the benefit of common agreement in the one field without conceding it in the other.

I take it for granted that he sees that separate and selfish compact with regard to trade and the essential materials of manufacture would afford no foundation for peace. Neither, he may rest assured, will separate and selfish compact with regard to provinces and peoples.

Austrian Peace News Clearer

Count Czernin seems to see the fundamental elements of peace with clear eyes and does not seek to obscure them.

He sees that an independent Poland made up of all the indisputably Polish peoples who are contiguous to one another is a matter of European concern and must of course be conceded; that Belgium must be extended and restored, no matter what sacrifices and concessions that may involve; and that national aspirations must be satisfied, even within its own empire in the common interest of Europe and mankind.

If he is silent about questions which touch the interests and purposes of his own people, surely they touch those of Austria only. It must of course be because he feels constrained to defer to Germany and Turkey in the circumstances. Seeing and concealing, as he does, the essential principles involved and the necessity of quickly applying them, he naturally feels that Austria can respond to the purpose of peace as expressed by the United States with less embarrassment than could Germany.

He would probably have gone much further had it not been for the embarrassments of Austria's alliance and of her dependence upon Germany. After all, the rest of whether it is possible for either government to go any further in this comparison of views is simple and obvious. The principles to be applied are these:

Peace Foundations

First—That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.

Second—That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that.

Third—Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states; and.

Fourth—That all well defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently of the world.

Germany Alone Balks

A general peace created upon such foundations can be discussed. Until such a peace can be secured we have no choice but to go on. So far as we can judge, these principles that we regard as fundamental are already everywhere accepted as imperative except among the spokesmen of the military and annexationist party in Germany. The tragical circumstances is that this one party in Germany is apparently willing and able to send millions of men to their death to prevent what all the world now sees to be just.

I would not be a true spokesman of the people of the United States if I did not say once more that we entered this war upon no small occasion, and that we can never turn back from a course chosen upon principle.

Our resources are in part mobilized now and we shall not pause until they are mobilized in their entirety. Our armies are rapidly going to the fighting front and will go more and more rapidly. Our whole strength will be put into this war of emancipation—emancipation from the threat and attempted mastery of selfish groups of autocratic rulers—whatever the difficulties and present partial delays.

Our Power Indomitable

We are indomitable in our power of independent action and can in no circumstances consent to live in a world governed by intrigue and force. We believe that our own desire for a new international order under which reason and justice and the common interests of mankind shall prevail is the desire of enlightened men everywhere.

Without that new order the world will be without peace and human life will lack tolerable conditions of existence and development. Having set our hand to the task of achieving it we shall not turn back.

I hope that it is not necessary for me to add a word of what I have said is intended as a threat. That is not the temper of our people. I have spoken thus only that the whole world may know the true spirit of America—that men everywhere may know that our passion for justice and for self-government is no mere passion which, once set in action, must be satisfied.

The power of the United States is a measure to no nation or people. It will never be used in aggression or for the aggrandizement of any selfish interest of our own. It springs out of freedom and is for the service of freedom.

Death of Spring-Rice

Ottawa, Feb. 15.—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, until recently the British ambassador to the United States, died virtually in his sleep at Government House in the presence of Lady Spring-Rice and their children, Betty, aged 11, and Anthony, aged 9 years.

John J. McQuerny, 42, died at Pawtucket, R. I., from a fractured skull, received when he was struck by a jitney bus.

Receiver Donham of the Bay State Street Railway company declared that he was considering a plan whereby service on a number of his lines would be discontinued.

Elias Sanborn, 81, died at Paxton, Me. He served through the Civil war.

Made from Korea are soon to be used on tables of American furniture. It was announced by the Boston Post-Herald. A few days ago, the Japanese prepared for shipment from Korea.

HEAVY DEATH TOLL

Hundred Lives May Have Been Lost in Burning of Munster

Munster, Feb. 12.—The charred bodies of thirty-eight children have been recovered from the ruins of the Gray munster, which was destroyed by fire. It is feared many more perished and searchers believe the toll of deaths may reach 100. There were nearly 200 wounded soldiers in the building.

When the flames were discovered the alarm was quickly given and all those able to help themselves fled to places of safety. The men and nursing sisters stood valiantly to save the sick and wounded, as well as the infants under their charge.

The children were housed in the section of the building where the fire started, and the flames spread so rapidly it was impossible to save them all. None of the soldiers suffered injury, however, although nearly 200 of them were quartered in the building.

RUSSIA OUT OF WAR

Orders Demobilization of Troops on All Her Fronts

London, Feb. 12. All Russia is definitely out of the war. Following the peace made by the Ukrainians with the central powers, the Bolshevik leaders have formally declared Russia out of the war and ordered the demobilization of troops on all the Russian fronts. They have dispensed with the formality of signing a peace treaty.

The most tragic element in the situation is the sad plight in which Russia is left by the developments in Russia.

Practically isolated and, according to the latest reports, served with an ultimatum by the central powers to sign a peace treaty, nothing seems left to Russia but unconditional surrender to the German demands.

SENTENCED TO DEATH

Bolo Convicted of Treason and Condemned by Court Martial

Paris, Feb. 15.—Bolo Pasha was sentenced to death by the court for treason. The court martial which condemned him to death deliberated only fifteen minutes.

Darius Porchere, an accountant and co-defendant, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Milippo Cavallino, another co-defendant, who is under arrest in Italy, was sentenced to death, although he is not within the court's jurisdiction.

Ment, Morot, the prosecutor, in summing up the state's case, concluded with the declaration: "Against Bolshevism; against this vast conspiracy, of which you have one member before you, there is but one remedy—the firing squad."

U-Boat Sinkings Increased

London, Feb. 14.—Nineteen British merchantmen were sunk by mine or submarine in the past week. Of these thirteen were vessels of 1000 tons or more and six were under that tonnage. Three fishing craft also were sunk.

The loss to British shipping in the past week shows a considerable increase over that of the previous week.

Tribute to American Gunners

Paris, Feb. 15.—American batteries took part in the artillery bombardment in connection with the huge French raid in the Champagne. It is announced officially. Effective assistance was given by the American gunners. (This is the first mention of American batteries on the Champagne front.)

Grief Kills Mrs. Boyd

Derry, N. H., Feb. 13.—A broken heart, caused by grief and worry over the disappearance and continued absence of her husband, State Senator Daniel W. Boyd, resulted in the death here of Mrs. Hattie Boyd, aged 68. Boyd has been missing from his home for three weeks.

Gen. March's Son Killed

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 14.—Three more fatalities were added to the roll of deaths at Hick's flying field. The dead are Lieut. Peyton, son of the newly appointed acting chief of staff of the United States army; J. L. Wray and H. Porter.

Pimples On Face Cuticura Heals

Large, Red and Hard. Very Sore and Itched. Scratched and Irritated. Looked Badly.

Troubled One Year. Used One Box Cuticura Ointment and Three Cakes Soap.

"My trouble started with pimples, the part affected being my face, mostly on my forehead and cheek. The pimples were large, red and hard and always scaled over. They would be very sore and itchy, and I scratched and irritated them. My face looked badly, and I used to wake up at night with the pimples.

"The trouble lasted about one year when I started using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after I had used one box of Cuticura Ointment with two or three cakes of Cuticura Soap my face was healed." (Signed) Percy Coombs, 26 Eastern Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt., October 24, 1917.

Cuticura Soap daily and Cuticura Ointment occasionally prevent pimples.

Sample Each Free by Mail. A Free postcard. Cuticura, Dept. R, Boston. Sold everywhere. Soap and Ointment 25c each.

ASSETS LIABILITIES

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Stocks and Bonds | \$6,263,478.67 | Deposits | \$10,727,710.65 |
| Loans | 4,576,042.66 | Surplus and | |
| Real Estate | 50,000.00 | Undivided | |
| Other Assets | 12,184.48 | Profits | 933,559.21 |
| Deposits in Banks | 790,618.03 | Other Liabilities | 2,326.35 |
| Cash | 76,332.93 | | |
| | \$11,728,656.79 | | \$11,728,656.79 |

savings Bank of Newport

The National Exchange Bank

| ASSETS | | LIABILITIES | |
|--|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| Capital Stock | \$10,000,000.00 | Capital Stock | \$10,000,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 6,000,000.00 | Surplus Fund | 6,000,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 1,500,000.00 | Undivided Profits | 1,500,000.00 |
| Interest and Discount collected but not earned (approximately) | 1,500,000.00 | Interest and Discount collected but not earned (approximately) | 1,500,000.00 |
| Circulating Notes outstanding | 1,500,000.00 | Circulating Notes outstanding | 1,500,000.00 |
| Set amounts due to National Banks | 1,500,000.00 | Set amounts due to National Banks | 1,500,000.00 |
| Not amounts due to Banks and Bankers (other than above) | 1,500,000.00 | Not amounts due to Banks and Bankers (other than above) | 1,500,000.00 |
| Total amount of Items 11 and 12 | 1,500,000.00 | Total amount of Items 11 and 12 | 1,500,000.00 |
| Unclaimed deposits subject to check | 1,500,000.00 | Unclaimed deposits subject to check | 1,500,000.00 |
| Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days | 1,500,000.00 | Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days | 1,500,000.00 |
| Certified checks | 1,500,000.00 | Certified checks | 1,500,000.00 |
| Dividends unpaid | 1,500,000.00 | Dividends unpaid | 1,500,000.00 |
| Total of demand deposits subject to reserve | 1,500,000.00 | Total of demand deposits subject to reserve | 1,500,000.00 |
| U. S. Bonds borrowed for which full collateral security was furnished | 1,500,000.00 | U. S. Bonds borrowed for which full collateral security was furnished | 1,500,000.00 |
| Other payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other than rediscounts | 1,500,000.00 | Other payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other than rediscounts | 1,500,000.00 |
| Total | \$11,728,656.79 | Total | \$11,728,656.79 |

County of Newport, ss: I, Geo. H. Prout, Clerk of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above state of affairs is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. GEO. H. PROUT, Clerk.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, 1918. FREDERICK B. COOPERHALL, Notary Public.

Correct Attest: WILLIAM R. HARVEY, Director.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust Company held August 13, 1917, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| R. Livingston Buckman | Peter King |
| Edward J. Berwind | William MacLeod |
| Charles A. Brackett | Frank C. Nichols |
| H. Martin Brown | Thomas P. Peckham |
| Clark Burdick | T. I. Hare Fowal |
| Samuel P. Colt | Andrew K. Quinn |
| Charles D. Easton | Edward A. Shorman |
| Henry F. Eldridge | James Stillman |
| Otis Everett | Jeremiah K. Sullivan |
| Frederick P. Garrettsen | Henry A. C. Taylor |
| Lawrence L. Gillespie | Charles Tisdall |
| Ernest Howe | |

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas P. Peckham
Vice President—Clark Burdick
Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Shorman
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

NOTICE

Consumers are warned to conserve water. Premises where fixtures are run to prevent freezing will be shut off without further notice.

If there is danger of your pipe or fixtures freezing shut your stop and waste cock at the cellar wall.

NEWPORT WATER WORKS

January 3, 1918.

"Meet me at Barney's."

You see the New Model

VICTROLAS

\$20 to 325

Come today

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

140 Thames Street

WE STILL SELL

Garden Seeds

OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR, GRAIN, ETC.

Mackenzie & Winslow

(INCORPORATED)

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By H. L. Marsh & Co.

Newport & Providence

Street Ry Co.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1917

Cars Leave Washington

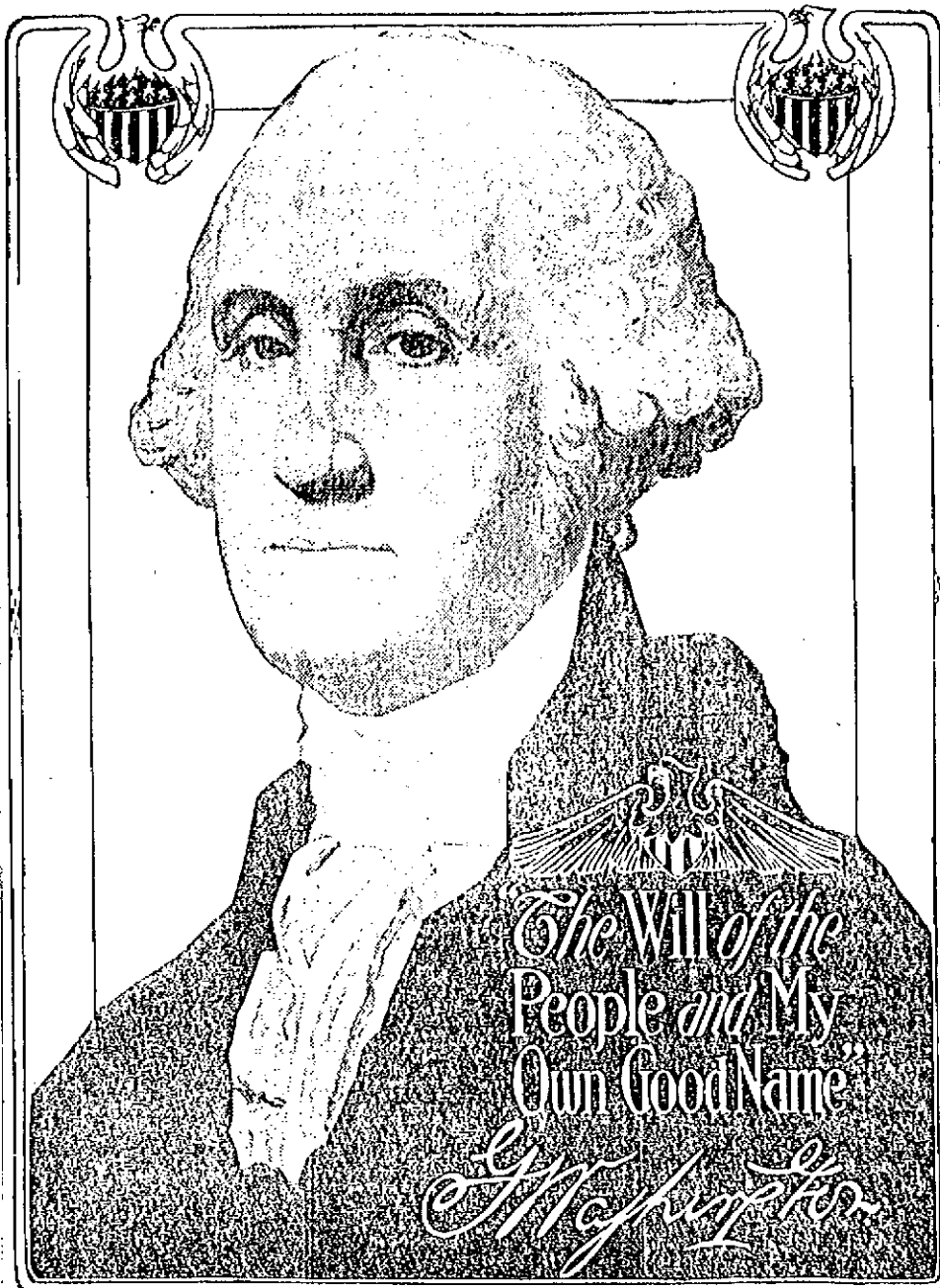
Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS 7.40, 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 5.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 7.50 p. m.

Commonwealth Hotel

Opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS.



The Will of the People and My Own Good Name

George Washington

HIS LABORS ENDED

People's Acclaim of Washington as Their Hero Journeyed to Annapolis to Lay Down His Sword.

(Poem written for the unveiling of the tablet at Severn Cross Roads, where Washington passed on his way to resign his commission at Annapolis.)

THIS roadside sings again today—
Here where the barren branches sway
And keen December winds sweep by
Beneath a cold and azure sky—
The old road echoes to some tread
Of morning in a vanished hour
When here the red-cheeked courier sped,
And here the young land's pride and flower
Of glory and achievement came
To add fresh glory to his name.

The villages had all come out,
To hear the news, to watch about
To catch some glimpse far up the way
Of Washington—who from the fray,
And from the council and the crest,
Was riding down his sword to lay
Once more upon his country's breast—
While he stepped back to that sweet rest
He yearned for. Yonder sounds a call!
A bugle's note, mayhap the fall
Of horse-hoofs on the old State road—
From every hamlet and abode
Men, women, children, hurry forth:
The wind is sweet, though west by north,
And keen with that sharp chill that comes
When on the hill the partridge drums.

This way they look, this way and that!
They'll know him by his coat and hat;
They've seen his face in pictures, so
There won't be any doubt they'll know;
But deep within their hearts they sigh
They'll know him by his forthright eye.
His noble mien, his lofty frame,
His fitting in with road and sky
As nature fits all great forms in,
And signs the portrait with her name.
The young folk chatter, smile and grin,
The old are prone to be severe.
And stretch each voice of the ear
To catch that first sharp clicking sound
Of the stage coach thundering on its way,
The hoof-beat on the frozen ground
That knows the kind of tune to play.

Some in small groups together drawn
Wait on the green bench of a lawn,
And these—in somnolence more se-
date—
The wisdom of his act debate.
One rises who defends the sire
Of his great land, and vows with ire
'Tis only a great man's way, indeed,
To give up lofty place, secede
From honors of such high degree,
Putting ambition aside, and fame,
Upon the altar whence they came—
His country's heart—and stepping
down
From all the lure of high renown,
Take his old place in life again,
One with all kindred gentleness!

Some tell the story of his trip,
While others hark with hanging lip—
That parting at old Praunses inn
With those who'd been his aids at war,
Tears in his eyes, and in his heart
That aching that they feel who part
With comrades and with friends
Who've spent
Hours with them in the battlement
Of life, of fate, of hopes and dreams,
And brave adventures long before.
Then to the barge they see him go
At Whitehall Ferry, bowing low
In all that stately form of grace
At each bowed head and tear-stained face.
And then that silent, sweet adieu
At Paulus Hook—sad words and
few,
A silent waving of the hand
Back to his high and faithful band,
Then with his face set hither—
strong
In the high purpose he had made
To heed no imploring of the throng
But lay at his country's feet his
blade.

Then the triumphant jaunt begun—
Those days of journeying in the sun;
The plaudits of a nation's best
Poured round him at each stopping
place,
And on the roads from mile to mile
Always some patriot in whose
breast
Inviolate love had left its trace,
Coming to how by the road he'd take
And kiss the cold ground for his
dear sake,
Philadelphia's loud acclaim.
Then Baltimore—her royal bounty
Poured out—then never poured before
By every county seat and county—
To pay due homage to his name,
And give him a welcome at this door
Of Maryland he'd remember long
As life should last or dreams prolong
Their memories in his noble soul.
Then once again the coach wheels
roll.

He's coming—down the General's

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

Way!
The old State road is God's today!
God's—and beneath his sparkling
sun—
God's and the General Washington!

Ten miles beyond the cross roads lies
The capital; o'er yonder rise
The Severn smiles 'neath azure skies,
Where Indian Landing sleeps beside
The murmuring music of that tide,
Whose song—as light as beauty—
cheers

The silencing romance of the years.
He'll pass here soon; and this way
rings

The music of the morn! Had kings
Such love from those they rule as
he—
Ah well, what kingdoms we should
see!

But he has struck down kings; his
sword
Had fought for freedom and the
Lord,
And now the cross roads turns with
life,

The hour has come, the keen wind's
knife
Is cutting under skin and bone,
But who cares for the cold—that
lone,

Grave figure shall rewarm each
heart!
An echo; see how sharp cars start.
It is the General—hooray!
And down the General's Highway
The yeomen who have seen him pass
Follow in cheering groups—one
mass

Of burning and of patriot zeal
To be first followers at his heel.
It is the General—hooray!
This roadside sings again today.
This nation sings, its heart still
bowed

Before him in those dreams that
crowd.

The moving caravans of the years.
There, like a peer among his peers,
The vision looms again, and he
Stands in that room we still may see,
One hand behind his back, and one
Laying that sword his bravery won
Upon the table. A shaft of light
Across the senate chamber steals;
A prelate in the foreground kneels.
A consecrated hour, indeed,
That hour of high, exalted need,
That noble and immortal act—
Its spirit gleaming above its fact,
Its soul of beauty so made one
With the high soul of Washington!

Stucco for Renovating House.
Many men will "spruce up the old
place" when they will not tear down
and rebuild. Sometimes it is senti-
ment, sometimes economy. Renova-
tion can do a lot more than improve
the looks of the house. Remodelling
and overhauling with stucco make the
walls fire-resistant—lowering insur-
ance premiums and increasing safety.
It makes the home easier to heat in
winter, cooler in summer, and often
lowers the cost of repainting or repaint-
ing.

Worthy of Thought.
A quiet mediocrity is still to be pre-
ferred before a troubled superiority.

AMERICA'S FIRST LADY



Martha Washington in 1765.

IS HALLOWED SPOT

Valley Forge Will For All Time Be Held in Glorious Memory by Americans.

VALLEY FORGE is a name which inspires unspeakable emotions in every reader of the revolutionary story, appealing to the depth of the pathetic in us by their sufferings and to our sublimest sense by their fortitude. That winter at Valley Forge surpasses the retreat from Moscow, for the American heroes and their great commander endured through the long winter instead of fleeing.

"How comes it, sir," said Washington to the officer as they marched into the valley, "that I have tracked the march of your troops by the blood-stains on the frozen ground? Were there no shoes in the commissary's stores, that this sad spectacle is to be seen along the public highway?"

The officer replied: "When shoes were issued the regiments were served in turn; it was our misfortune to be among the last and the stores became exhausted."

Washington's emotions were of the strongest kind and he said, "Poor fellows!"

"At no period of the war," writes Chief Justice Marshall, "had the American army been reduced to a situation of greater peril than during the winter at Valley Forge. More than once they were absolutely without food. There was seldom at any time a quantity of provisions sufficient for a week. The returns of the first of February exhibited the astonishing number of



Old Picture of Washington Subduing Broll at Valley Forge.

3,829 men in camp unfit for duty for want of clothes. Of this number scarcely a man had a pair of shoes. Although the total of the army exceeded 17,000 men, the effective rank and file amounted to 5,012. Their clothes were in tatters. The Quaker Isaac Potts tells us of Washington's prayer at Valley Forge, how, as he traversed the forest, he heard a fervent voice. Approaching nearer, whom should he behold, in a kind of bow, but the commander in chief on his knees praying to the Ruler of the Universe. At the moment when Friend Potts, concealed by the trees, came up, Washington was interceding for his beloved country. When he reached home his wife asked the reason for his agitation.

"I have this day seen," replied he, "what I shall never forget. If George Washington be not a man of God, I am mistaken, and still more shall I be disappointed if God, through him, does not perform some great thing for the country."

The Age of Washington.

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. . . . Such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the Milky Way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subsist, even in that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness and ascribe its mild glory with Washington's—Fisher Ames.

Domini E. Carey, chief of the Lawrence, Mass., fire department, was removed from that office by William Carr.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENERAL WASHINGTON IN THE FIELD



"LEST WE FORGET"

Nation Does Well to Honor the Memory of the Founder of Its Glorious State of Independence.

IF we today lived in a colony, ground down by unjust laws, our passion for national life secretly and tragically burning, if Washington had failed, had died in vain for the cause which he brought to lasting triumph—then for poor sentimental humanity he would shine with a luster greater than now is his, writes Joyce Kilmer in the New York Times. His cause triumphed; the dream became a reality, and therefore lost the charm of the dream. Washington, dying on his bed, in his honored old age, his hopes realized, is a noble figure. But he lacks the dramatic appeal of Washington bidding farewell to his children at the foot of the gallows.

By some strange perversity of human nature the cause we consider romantic and picturesque is always a lost cause. The names most deeply loved are those of the fallen leaders whose pursuants met with defeat—Robert Bruce and Robert Emmet, William Wallace, Sarsfield and Sobieski, that "fair and fatal king," Charles I., and his persecuted and uncrowned heirs. Children of Union soldiers though we may be, our hearts beat more quickly at the thought of Lee than at the thought of Grant. We rise when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," but we rise and shout when it plays "Dixie."

And it must also be acknowledged that a tragic death endears a statesman to the generations that follow him. If you are a great leader and want to be sure of posterity's affection, see that your cause fails. Then the conquerors will legislate against the honoring of your memory, and that will make your fame secure. But if your cause succeeds, then at least see that your death is sudden and violent. Give the world a drama, a legend.

Washington triumphed. At Yorktown he captured Cornwallis' redcoats and put an end to tyranny on our shores. It is not forbidden to honor his memory; the wearing of the red, white, and blue is attended by no perils. And so we take things for granted; we forget the hideous dangers through which we passed only some hundred and two-score years ago; we take for granted our nationality, our freedom, and the fearless warrior, the enlightened statesman who gave them to us. When we speak of Washington as the Father of His Country we do so

with a laugh, as if the phrase were empty rhetoric instead of sublime truth. Logic means more to us than Lexington, and remembering Edith Cavell, we give no thought to Jane McCrea.

We may well thank God that the war of American independence has not the glimmer of battles fought in vain, that our freedom is no lost cause, that Washington's halo is not that of a martyr whose life and death were unavailing. To those who look at the world's events in true historical perspective, without sentimentality and with love of justice and freedom in their breasts, the American Revolution fills the most encouraging page in the chronicle of the centuries. But for most of us it is only in times of stress like the present that we can come to an actual sense of our exceptional privileges; to a realization of the radical truth of the stories we read in our history book in school. This year the Declaration of Independence takes on a clearer significance; we know, as we did not in bygone years, what it means to be free and independent states, absolved forever from all allegiance to foreign powers. And so this year Washington's birthday is no routine holiday, but a day of solemn yet joyful commemoration, a day on which we honor with full hearts him who made us a nation, the warrior whose sword cut the bonds of our thralldom, the statesman who made us, avoiding entangling alliances, go our free way, an independent republic, no nation's sycophant, no nation's tool. "With malice toward none," said Washington's greatest successor, "with charity for all." It was a summing up of Washington's own political creed. No lost cause, however glorious with the blood of martyrs, seems today so noble as the still triumphant cause of American independence. No modern hero, fighting overseas, is today so dear to us as our founder and preserver. And to his examples and his counsels we cannot look for guidance and look in vain.

British Tribute to Washington.

George Washington, first president of the United States. A true Englishman of the Pym and Hampden breed, he taught tyranny—in the person of George III—a lesson which is still remembered, and which has had much to do with the free development of the British empire.—London Graphic.

Philosophy of Law.

There never was a law yet made, I conceive, that hit the taste exactly of every man, or every part of the community; of course, if this be a reason for opposition, no law can be executed at all without force.—George Washington.

INSPECTING OUTPOSTS AT VALLEY FORGE



Manchurian Footgear.
In order to withstand the extreme cold of winter in eastern Manchuria the natives wear a moccasins of cowhide sufficiently large to permit the feet to be swathed in long strips of cloth and then to have a soft, dry grass packed around them. The shoe is packed clumsy, but is warm, soft and almost water tight.

Need Energy-Yielding Foods.
Persons who are doing heavy physical labor and very active children need more energy yielding foods than those engaged in mental work or light physical labor. Some of the principal energy yielding foods are certain bread and butter, corn flakes, white and sweet potatoes, cream, and other wholesome fats, and meats.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEPT. YOUR

ICE CREAM

-AT-

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Cake, Ice Cream,

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and BEST QUALITY

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their premises or places of business, should make application to the City Engineer, at the City Hall, New York.

Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

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Sold by Dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

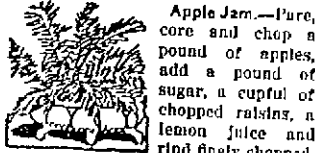
The KITCHEN CABINET

The world has never seen a kitchen so quiet and comfortable as the Kitchen Cabinet. It is the only kitchen in the world that is so quiet and comfortable.

—A. W. Peach.

WAYS WITH APPLES.

Apples are our common fruit, but may be prepared in countless ways for the table.



chopped raisins, one orange, juice and rind, cook until clear and thick.

Apple Delight.—Two cups of chopped apple cooked in a double boiler with two cups of sugar, one cup of raisins, one cup of lemon juice and rind finely chopped, one cup of raisins. Cook one hour, then add a cup of wheat meal five minutes before it is ready to pour into the glasses. Seal in jelly glasses.

When drying apples, if they are dipped in a mild salt solution before putting to dry they will keep a lighter, better color.

Apple Butter.—Boil new cider until reduced one-half the day before it is to be used. To every four gallons of boiled cider allow a fourth of a bushel of sliced apples, pared, cored and quartered. Fill a large kettle with the cider and add as many apples as can be kept moist. Stir frequently and when the apples are soft beat with a spoon. Cook until dark brown. Have boiled cider to add if it becomes too thick and more apples if too thin. Twenty minutes before removing from the fire add cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Boil one hour, seal tightly.

Apple Catsup.—Peel, core and quarter four apples, stew as soft as possible in a very little water. Put through a sieve and to each quart add a teaspoonful each of pepper, cloves and mustard, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two medium-sized onions chopped fine, a teaspoonful of salt and a pint of vinegar. Boil one hour, seal tightly.

Apple and Quince.—To every four pounds of apple add a pound of quince unpeeled and cut fine, then cooked with the apple just as for canned apples.

Baked apples filled into sterilized cans and covered with hot sirup makes a most delicious canned apple for winter use.

Nellie Maxwell

She at Sharon, Mass., destroyed a Sharon thread mill, causing \$100,000 damage.

W. W. Longley, 77, register of the town of Sandwich county more than fifty years, died at Bath.

W. F. Griffin, 82, a well-known farmer and a former town clerk of Mass., committed sui-

YOU COOK YOUR FOOD—WHY NOT YOUR TOBACCO?

YOU know what broiling does to steak, baking to a potato—and toasting to bread.

In each case flavor is brought out by cooking—by "toasting."

So you can imagine how toasting improves the flavor of the Burley tobacco used in the Lucky Strike Cigarette.



10¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

EARLY MAN FIGHTING ANIMAL

Ancestors of Present People Were Called Upon to Face Beasts That Inhabited Plains and Rivers.

The first houses were caves. Early man was a fighting animal, and had to contend against the huge and ferocious beasts that infested the plains and rivers, observes a writer. His dwelling naturally had to be a place of security as well as a habitation. Caves were natural and artificial, the latter being hollowed out of solid rock by rude flint instruments. Most of them were formed in the sides of cliffs and among high, rugged hills.

To those early ancestors of ours, the primeval men and women who secured, as one would think, but scanty shelter and protection from these alone caves and holes in the rock, we apply the generic term of cliff dwellers.

They were entirely ignorant of agriculture, and subsisted by hunting and fishing and on the natural products they found growing in a wild state.

What is very remarkable, at our very doors can still be seen the typical houses and handiwork of those prehistoric tribes in the caves of the Llanos river in southern Colorado. These, in most instances, are as well preserved as when their ancient occupants deserted them—perhaps 10,000 years ago. When inhabited they were reached quite frequently by notches cut in the rock, and at other times rope ladders must have been used.

Gladstone a Hard Worker.

Gladstone was a hard worker, with no dreads with regard to work, says the American Magazine.

He turned from political responsibilities of the heaviest to Greek for recreation, and lived his four-score years and more, just as Pope Leo XIII, turned to Latin poetry for his relaxation from world-wide burdens, and lived on beyond four-score and ten, living so hopefully that when, at the little dinner given him on his ninetieth birthday, one of the cardinals said, in proposing a toast to him, "Here's that you may live to be a hundred, holy father," the old pontiff replied: "But why limit me to a hundred?"

They were contemporaries of Hanke, the German historian, who at the age of ninety-one proposed to write a history of the world in 12 volumes, one volume to be completed each year, and actually lived, I believe, to complete nearly half of it.

These men had no dreads; but they allowed their energies to work on, without any fear of exhausting their vitality.

Almost the Speed Limit.

"At Chattanooga," said a veteran of the Civil war, "one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unwounded and unabashed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it."

"I only retreated in good order," he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had retreated."

"Well, I'll tell you, cap'n," he said. "It had been at home, and going after the doctor, folks that see me passin' would have thought my wife was right sick!"—Harper's Monthly.

RUSSIA TO RECLAIM DESERT

Good Pasture Lands Are Destroyed at the Rate of One Hundred Thousand Acres a Year.

The shifting sands of Astrakhan and the measures taken by the Russian government to deal with this problem form the subject of a memoir by J. O. Firsov, published in Petrograd, observes the Scientific American.

Ten million acres of the province in question are covered with shifting sands formed during the nineteenth century and subsequently. These sands have been spreading at the rate of 100,000 acres a year, the result being the transformation of good pasture land into a barren waste. The principal cause is over grazing; flocks and herds are kept so long in one place as to result in the complete destruction of the turf. Poor agricultural methods are also responsible.

About the beginning of the present century the government took measures of control and reclamation, and between 1903 and 1909 an area of about 48,000 acres was brought under cultivation. In 1913 a special service was ordered to deal with the question. The province was put under the charge of a chief forestry officer and divided into six districts, in each of which a subordinate official was appointed to superintend the work. At the time of writing good progress has been made in planting soil binders and growing herbaceous crops, but it was still problematical whether the province was adapted to the establishment of forests.

What Becomes of That Cent?

A farmer comes to town with 30 apples, which he sells three for a cent, getting, of course, 10 cents for them. Another farmer, also with 30 apples, sells them two for a cent, getting 15 cents for his. They get 25 cents in all.

The next time they come in, with 80 apples each, they meet at the edge of town and put their apples together, making 160 apples. One man having sold two for a cent, the other three for a cent, they decided to sell them five for 2 cents.

They do so, and when they're through find out they have received but 24 cents.

The problem is, why did they not get as much for their apples selling them five for 2 cents as they did when they sold them separately, or, what becomes of the cent?

Some Grievances

The railroad official invited the stern citizen to communicate his troubles.

"I want you to give orders," demanded the visitor, "that the engineer of the express which passes through Elm Grove at about 11:55 be restrained from blowing his whistle on Sunday mornings."

"Impossible!" exploded the official. "What prompts you to make such a ridiculous request?"

"Well, you see," explained the citizen, in an undertone, "our pastor preaches until he hears the whistle blow, and that confounded express was 20 minutes late last Sunday."

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

CHANGES ARE MADE IN FOOD SCHEDULE

President Wilson Establishes Monday and Wednesday as "Wheatless," Tuesday as "Meatless" and Saturday as "Porkless" Throughout the Entire Nation—Rhode Island to Conform to This Schedule.



Rhode Island, in agreement with every other state in the Union, is now observing the national food conservation schedule promulgated this week by President Wilson. The schedule follows:

MONDAY: Wheatless Day.
TUESDAY: Meatless Day.
WEDNESDAY: Wheatless Day.
THURSDAY: Porkless Day.

Food Administrator Alfred M. Couts calls particular attention to the fact that the wheatless days have been changed in Rhode Island to conform to the national program, and house holders as well as restaurants and hotels are urged to shift their programs to conform.

In conjunction with the new national program, the President has ordered all retail dealers to make combination sales with wheat flour and no person is now permitted to buy wheat flour unless he or she buys an equal weight of some other cereal. If you want 10 pounds of wheat flour, for example, the storekeeper is compelled by the President's order to require that you buy 10 pounds of some other cereal, and he must refuse to sell you flour unless you do buy such other cereal.

PRESIDENT'S DECLARATION.

President Wilson, in his proclamation concerning the new food program, said in part:

"Many causes have contributed to create the necessity for a more intensive effort on the part of our people to save food in order that we may supply our associates in the war with the sustenance vitally necessary to them in these days of privation and distress."

"The reduced productivity of Europe, because of the large diversion of man-power to the war, the partial failure of harvests, and the elimination of the more distant markets for foodstuffs through the destruction of shipping, places the burden of their subsistence very largely on our shoulders."

"The Food Administration has formulated suggestions, which, if followed will enable us to meet this great responsibility, without any real inconvenience on our part."

"I, therefore, in the national interest, take the liberty of calling upon every loyal American to take fully to heart the suggestions which are being circulated by the Food Administration and of heeding that they be followed."

"I am confident that the great body of our women who have labored so loyally in co-operation with the Food Administration for the success of food conservation will strengthen their efforts and will take it as a part of their burden in this period of national service to see that the above suggestions are observed throughout the land."

All Flour Mixed.

Consumers will be able to obtain mixed cereal bread from their bakers, who will be required under the license regulations to mix five per cent of other cereals with their wheat flour, both in bread and rolls, and will be required gradually to increase this substitution until, beginning Feb. 24, a minimum of twenty per cent of such cereals is to be used.

The Food Administration strongly urges on consumers the buying of this bread, which will be known as Victory bread, and will contain not less than twenty per cent of cereals other than wheat. Graham or whole wheat bread will also be given that name, because, containing, as they do, 25 per cent more of the wheat grain than ordinary white bread, they, too, will serve the purpose of saving wheat flour.

One Victory Bread.

The new Victory bread may be called an 80 per cent. bread. Mrs. J. S. Harrington, Home Economics Director for Rhode Island in the Food Administration, has furnished the following recipe for an 80 per cent. Victory bread:

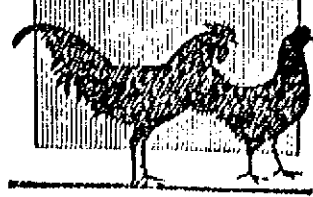
One pt. boiling water, 1-3 cup molasses, 1 tsp. salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 pint cream of rye (uncooked), 1 yeast cake dissolved in 1 cup lukewarm water, 3-4 pint flour.

Pour the boiling water over the cream of rye, add the molasses, salt, sugar, fat and let stand till lukewarm, add the moistened yeast cake. Mix well and add enough flour to make a sponge, about 1-2 pints. Add the remaining flour and knead. Let rise to double in bulk, cut down, knead again, shape into loaves, put into greased pans to double again. Bake about 50 minutes in moderate oven. This recipe will make 4 small loaves, and a pan of biscuits. Fatmeal may be used instead of cream of rye if preferred.

Topping Potatoes.

Attempts at removing the green tops of potatoes on the assumption that they detract from the tuber development have proved it a poor plan, and in the majority of cases where records were kept, the topped potatoes produced the poorest tuber crop weight, though in some instances the potatoes were larger.

POULTRY



FEED PROBLEM NOT SERIOUS

Those Who Have Plentiful Supply of Home-Grown Feeds for Poultry Need Not Worry.

The feeding problem will not be a serious one for those who have plenty of home-grown feeds for their fowls. But where grain, as well as other poultry feeds, must be bought, there will be considerable expense incurred, especially when not laying. And no reasonable poultry raiser expects hens to lay all seasons. There must be a time for molt, when the hens must rest and prepare to lay the next clutch of eggs.

There is generally considerable waste in grain around the barn, granary and silo. If given a chance, poultry will eat grain and other feeds that might be wasted. In this way they are an asset instead of a liability, even though there are times when the hens will not be laying.

But hens should not be allowed to preempt their feed in the trough, at the granary or where silage is scattered, but should be fed generously, or allowed the scattered grain, where they will not interfere with feeding animals.

When judiciously fed fowls should be profitable as any of the animals, when the value of the animals and the equipment needed are considered. If they are not, then it must be that the fowls are the unprofitable kind. If this is the case—and doubtless it often is—then get rid of the unprofitable fowls.

COLDS AMONG YOUNG STOCK

Trouble is Usually Caused by Poor Ventilation and Overcrowded Sleeping Quarters.

Fall colds among young stock are usually caused by unventilated or overcrowded sleeping apartments. In this climate all houses should have the open front. See that the young birds roost. Never permit them to bunch up on the floor at night. Sometimes a sudden change in the weather will start the young birds to sneezing in spite of every precaution. When this happens a heavy cold may sometimes be averted by the following treatment:

Mix half a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor with a tablespoonful of sugar and dissolve the whole in two gallons of water, giving the birds no other drink for a few days. Camphorated oil or petroleum rubbed into the nostrils is also recommended.

CARE FOR FLOCK OF GUINEAS

Nervous, Excitable Fowls Can Be Overcome by Gentle Treatment—Tender While Young.

Although the nervous, excitable disposition of the guinea cannot be overcome by gentle treatment and petting, the guinea is easily taught to return home from its wanderings at night. If it is so taught while young, and for this reason it is usually better to buy eggs and hatch them under a chicken hen rather than buy old birds and remove them to a strange place.

The guinea is very tender while young, and it is best to have them hatched during the warmer part of the season. They must have dry quarters and if hatched under a chicken

DRESSED WEIGHT OF SWINE

Shown by Experiments That Animals Average 78.44 Per Cent Fasted Live Weight.

A number of experiments have shown that the dressed weight of hogs is on an average of 78.44 per cent fasted live weight.

When hogs are fed corn or other concentrated fat-producing feeds the dressed weight may be 80 per cent of the live weight. On this estimate the blood constitutes 2.5 to 3 per cent of the live weight; the liver, 1.3 to 1.5 per cent; heart, 2 per cent; stomach and contents, 4.5 to 5 per cent; intestines, 8.5 to 8 per cent; kidneys, 3 per cent; spleen, 1 per cent; intestinal fat, 1 to 2 per cent; kidney fat, 4 to 4.5 per cent.

PREPARING NOW FOR SPRING

Winter Is Good Time to Rig Up Several Three and Four-Horse Equipments on Implements.

In view of the probable shortage of farm labor next spring, now is a timely occasion to rig up several three and four-horse equipments to be used on the farm implements. One man with a four-horse team will do almost as much work in preparing the spring as needed as two men, each using a two-horse team.

RAPID INCREASE IN ALFALFA

Has Resulted in More Careful Study of Its Possibilities as Food for All Farm Animals.

The rapid increase in the production of alfalfa in the United States during recent years has resulted in a more careful study of its possibilities as a food for all classes of live stock. Formerly it was used primarily as a cattle feed, but now it is used as a feed for horses, swine and sheep.

Invention of Printing.

He who first shortened the labor of copyists by device of movable type was disbanding hired armies and cashing in most kings and senate and creating a whole new democratic world; he had invented the art of printing—Life of Frederick the Great.

KILL OUT CANADIAN THISTLE

Weeds Are Difficult to Eradicate, as They Have Underground Stems—Men and Pigs.

Canadian thistles and new thistles are hard to kill, as they have underground stems from which new plants are sent up. A piece of this stem if cut off and given the right conditions will form a new plant. The first step is to eradicate.



Canada Thistle.

caution is to mow the plants, then plow them under and disk the land as often as new shoots appear. Keeping the top from growing will in time kill the roots and underground stems. Growing a crop of corn in hills and cultivating thoroughly both ways and hand-hoeing the hills is another way of eradication. Getting rid of the patches of Canada thistle and new thistles now will save a lot of work a little later.

MOST EFFECTIVE ROAD TOOL

Drag Can Be Used in Maintaining Public Highways—They Are Easily and Cheaply Made.

The most effective tool which can be used in the maintenance of earth roads is the road drag. The first drags were made more than 50 years ago, but it is only during the last few years that they have come into general use. They are easily and cheaply made, easily operated and accomplish wonders if properly used. Every mile of earth road in the state of Texas should be maintained with a drag, and if the time and money wasted under the present system of "working the roads" (this does not mean that all time and money so spent are wasted) were used in dragging the roads, our states would have some of the best earth roads in America.

GROW LARGE CROPS OF OATS

Farmer Should Provide Feed for Horses, Sheep, Cows and Other Stock—Plan Is Outlined.

The farmer who raises horses and sheep, feeds dairy cows and fattens beef cattle, annually should grow large crops of oats. They should get ripe enough to be cut and bound by the binder, so when dried out in the shock the sheaves will not mold when stored in the barn. These things attended to, with some kind of power and a modern straw cutter in the barn, the entire crop, as needed, should be cut up quite fine and fed. Fed in this way, the stock eats up almost all the straw, and the grain entire.

Excitable Guinea Hens.

hen they must be confined in a coop or box so closely that they cannot escape and run away for a few days until they learn the hen's call.

After they are a few days old they are better if allowed to run at large to gather their own food. They may be fed mornings and evenings, but will rather most of their food. The guinea hen has a rather bad reputation as a mother, but it is according to nature for every species of animal life to know how to care for its own young, and our experience is that under ordinary conditions the guinea hen knows better how to care for her young than any foster mother. Of course a guinea hen, or any other hen, for that matter, cannot succeed in rearing a flock of young kents if they are hatched late in the fall.

Expansion of the Mind.

What we seek in education is full liberation of the faculties, and the man who has not some surplus of thought and energy to expand outside of the narrow circle of his own task and interest is a dwarfed, uneducated man.

Topping Potatoes.

Attempts at removing the green tops of potatoes on the assumption that they detract from the tuber development have proved it a poor plan, and in the majority of cases where records were kept, the topped potatoes produced the poorest tuber crop weight, though in some instances the potatoes were larger.

